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## Washington Background

# Spy and Counterspy In a Queasy World

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**S**IMPLY because intelligence agencies have ways to check such things, the U. S. discovered within several weeks that the new West German clerk in its Berlin office photographed documents when unwatched and carried them into East Berlin.

The clerk wasn't too bright; as an agent, he was a sort of vacuum cleaner, aiming his miniature camera at anything in sight. Since he spoke no English, one of the "secret documents" he delivered was a copy of the office pool on the World Series.

Still, he was a nuisance, and Charlie T——, the U. S. security control officer, thought about the case for a full 45 seconds before turning to his typewriter to dispose of him.

Charlie T—— wrote a glowing report on the value of the information the clerk had furnished the U. S. on the East German intelligence apparatus. He tossed in the name of the agent to whom the clerk was delivering the films, and some remarks the clerk supposedly had made about the agent's stupidity, and asked the higher echelon headquarters for more spurious information to feed the Communists.

Charlie T—— then slipped the report into a file folder on his desk and went to lunch. It was still there when he returned from the gasthaus in midafternoon, and he nodded and smiled at the clerk. That evening the clerk made his regular trip to the East with a roll of undeveloped film.

His next trip, three days later, came on a payday. The U. S. disbursing officer trumped up a yarn about the clerk's check being lost, and apologetically offered to pay him in cash—in U. S. currency, if he preferred.

**K**NOWING the black-market exchange rate, the clerk eagerly accepted, and that night went into East Berlin with more dollars in his pockets than the average postwar German sees in a decade.

The KGB worked on him for six days, according to what our people heard later, and then shot him.

Charlie T—— laughs about this now, for he is no longer in the intelligence business, and he spends a lot of time on his Maryland mountainside drinking gin and tonic and forgetting the nasty pranks he used to play in West Berlin.

Oh, the other side also performed its stunts. One of Charlie T——'s best friends was an agent control officer who recruited and directed Germans who spied on the U. S.

This friend went to meet an agent one night at a place that is supposed to be a "safe house," where visitors can come and go undetected.

The man's wife wasn't surprised when he didn't come home, because intelligence people keep irregular hours. She glanced out the rear window while making coffee and saw an Army duffel bag hanging on a tree in the yard.

That's odd, she thought, and went to inspect it. All it contained was her husband's garrotted body, mutilated in somewhat obscene fashion.

**T**HE woman, seven months pregnant, miscarried two days later. The last time Charlie T—— tried to talk to her she didn't hear him, for she sat in a mental hospital in a catatonic trance, her mind empty of all but that duffel bag.

But intelligence officers must not let such memories bother them, for that would be unprofessional. Thus CIA agents this week light cigarets for Lt. Col. Yegveny Yevgenevich Runge, and make sure he has enough hot spiced tea, and laugh at his little jokes.

Of course, Runge hasn't seen much of America—a glimpse of Andrews Air Force Base when his jet arrived from West Germany the other day, 24 hours after his defection, and maybe a peek at the Baltimore-Washington Parkway as the CIA car took him to the very special place on the Fort Meade reservation saved for very special KGB officers who want to be on our side.

The CIA interrogators laugh and pour tea and light cigarets because Runge gives them information—but everywhere there, including Runge, thinks of that duffel bag, or its equivalent, and says nothing of it. That would be unprofessional.